The True Northerner.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1882.

THE King of Siam, who has just built a new palace for $1,000,000, is furnishing it with 400 tons of furniture, at a cost of $500,000.

MISS BELLE BRADEN is the only feminine railroad officer in the country. She has just been elected Treasurer of the Waynesburg and Washington railroad, and is now acting paymaster.

A CINCINNATI paper puts over the account of a young man who forged his father's name this head-line: "On the road to perdition." The article shows that he took the train for Chicago.

MRS. EMMETT, riding into Poughkeepsie, N. Y., with a basket of eggs in her lap, was thrown from her wagon by the running of her horse, and killed by the crushing of her head upon a stone against which she was thrown, while not an egg was broken.

AN edict, signed by the Czar, and published in the official gazette of St. Petersburg, virtually bankrupts every wealthy Jew in Russia. It provisionally suspends all payments of contracts or debts due to Jews, prohibits them from settling outside towns and villages, and otherwise provides for their speedy extirpation throughout Czardom.

THE *Wall Street News* of a recent date says: Nearly every corporation in the country is now trying to raise the wind in Wall street in some way or other—some to pay dividends which are not earned, some to pay off floating debts, and some to pay interest, which must be met to keep away hungry receivers. The public is out of the market, and will not come back again until the business of the country shows substantial signs of improvement.

THE United States Circui Court for the Eastern District of Missouri appointed ex-Judge Matthew R. Cullen, of St. Louis, an ex-Confederate and Democrat, a United States Commissioner for that district. Judge Treat remarked to Judge Cullen when he attempted to thank him for the honor: "Never mind, you are not appointed as a personal favor; your public judicial career commends you to the court, and this is a public indorsement of it, and the United States Government requires the services of such an officer, and that is all of it."

MAXWELL EVARTS, son of ex-Secretary Evarts, is a student at Yale, where he is developing a great ways ahead of his father at the same stage of proceedings. Recently he imported a crate of rats from New York at an expense of $75 a hundred, and set his terrier Fanny at work at them, the pale, thin students dancing around in wild glee when the faithful Fanny, at the end of six minutes, struggle, stood amid the rhodential dead, wagging her tail, gazing wistfully at her proprietor, and weeping that there were no more rats to conquer.

A STEAMER recently carried out fifteen car-loads of Michigan oak lumber, sawed to dimensions and billed through to Glasgow, to be used in constructing railway cars. It is believed that this order will be followed by others, because our Northern oak possesses qualities much sought after by builders, but not found in British lumber, save that which commands a very high price. About $16,000,000 worth of wood and manufactures of wood is exported annually from the United States; but this is said to be the first shipment of this kind.

IN response to a request for "some of the most valued thoughts of his long and useful career," Peter Cooper recently wrote as follows to a social gathering of aged men at Boston: "I rejoice in the belief that mankind throughout the world will improve and better their condition in proportion as they draw from the revolution of nature a more rational theology, that will present God in the character of a loving and affectionate father. Such a God will be our highest ideal of all that is just, powerful, wise, pure and good. All men should realize that what a man, a community, a State or a nation soweth, that must they also reap, somehow, somewhere and at some time, and that by the operation of laws, designed in infinite wisdom, so wise and so good that they will never require to be altered, amended or revoked."

DR. JOHN G. LEE, of Philadelphia, read a paper on "Suicide" before the American Medical Association, recently in session at St. Paul, Minn. His figures were confined to Philadelphia. From Dec. 31, 1871, to Jan. 1, 1882, 636 individuals in that city ended their existence by their own hands. Only eight of these were persons of color. The male exceeded the female suicides in a proportion of nearly five to one. Only twenty-four suicides were by minors. Contrary to the experience of European observers, self-destruction in Philadelphia during the last decade has occurred more frequently among the married than the unmarried of both sexes. While, in the ordinary forms of mortality, July presents the highest and November the lowest death-rate, in the mortality from suicide May heads the list, with January at the bottom.

WILLIAM MILLIKEN, of Boston, Mass., was literally torn to pieces by a black bear that he recklessly attacked at Lake Piseco, in the Adirondacks. Mr. Milliken was enjoying himself in the North Woods hunting and fishing with a party of business men which included W. Wilkinson, of Birmingham, Ct., and Messrs. Dixon, Fountain and Watson, of Philadelphia. A guide named James Shires was also present. They had four dogs with them, and they struck the trail of a bear, which they followed up. The guide warned them that bears were ugly at this time of the year, and it was very hazardous to attack one singly. Milliken announced he was not afraid and could get out of the way of any bear. He followed the dogs closely, and they found two big bears and three cubs in a few minutes. The bears attacked the dogs and soon tore them to pieces, while Milliken fired at them in vain. The shaggy monsters then gave their attention to their human assailant, and in a very few minutes literally tore him to pieces. The guide rushed to the rescue and was badly lacerated but not fatally injured, brought his trusty rifle to bear and shot the male bear dead, while almost simultaneously Fountain and Wilkinson dispatched the female. The cubs were captured alive. The male bear weighed 400 pounds and the female 300. The remains of the unfortunate Mr. Milliken were brought out of the woods by his companions and forwarded to Boston.

A LONDON paper says: The celebrated Vienna surgeon, Prof. Billroth, has at present in his hospital a case which will shortly create some sensation in the medical world. One of his patients has been in the habit, for the last six years, of "rinsing" his stomach daily. This manipulation, one of the wonders of modern therapeutics, consists in inserting a tube into the stomach, through the gullet, and pouring lukewarm or medicated water through the tube, by means of a funnel, till the stomach is full. Then, by simply lowering the end of the tube to the waist, a siphon is formed, and the stomach is emptied. The patients who undergo this operation suffer mostly from chronic catarrh of the digestive organs. The process is so simple that they soon learn to perform it unaided, and this was the case with the above-mentioned patient. Unfortunately for him, he had not thought it necessary or did not possess the means of purchasing a new tube, but contented himself with mending, and patching, and tying defective parts with thread. The inevitable took place. A portion of the tube, measuring eight inches at least, remained in his stomach, and he is now awaiting Prof. Billroth's decision as to the best means of treatment. The skillful surgeon is still hesitating between the two courses open to him; he must either attempt to extract the intruder through the œsophagus, with the help of gastroscopy, or he must resort to gastronomy. Meanwhile the patient enjoys a good appetite.

The Boy That Had a Nag That Could Trot.

"So, Christopher, you have bought a horse," observed Mr. Gandy, as he pleasantly surveyed his son. "What business are you going into?"

"Business—er—o—business; well, my dear sir, the fact is I have been tumbling on something that can trot."

"You shouldn't have done it, Christopher," said the old gentleman, kindly; "you are not young enough, your bones are set and you are too fat. You can never be an Emperor of the arena, Christopher. Do not tumble or engage in any gymnastics on the animal again."

"Of course, I only meant that I have been lucky enough to discover something with speed, and have picked it up for a mere song."

"Ah—a colt?"

"Well, no, not emphatically; but her pedigree is a poem—dam Mme. Spavin, sire Signor Botts; own sister to Bones and Osteology, and half sister to Blind Staggers and Soap Grease."

"You will soon do it," mused the old gentleman, as a soft light played about his eyes; "you will soon be there, Christopher. There are a great many of you scattered through the country; you blossom at every rural crossing, my boy. You will soon pose on a contrivance like a hay rake with the teeth out; you will round your shoulders to give an artistic outline to a spotted shirt with baggy sleeves and a balloony back, and as you sit on your vehicle by a pump you will look pensively out from under a cap peak built like the bill of a sugar scoop, and as you tilt your cigar ash to the level of your left eye, and keep silently fanning the tail of your animal with a two-foot whip, you will lose yourself in the enchantment of turf reverie. The bystanders may never know that you can't distinguish the points of a mare from those of a mermaid, Christopher, but as long as you are oblivious to this knowledge I see no reason why you should not enjoy your soothing reflections."—*Rochester Express.*

THERE is still much superstition in China and Japan. The fox is credited with many marvelous and supernatural attributes, among which is the ability at the age of 50 to take the form of a woman, and at 100 that of a young and beautiful girl. He can also become a wizard if he likes, and at the age of 1,000 years is admitted into paradise, where he becomes a celestial being. There is presumptive evidence that foxes rarely reach the age of 100 years in China or Japan.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

"The Sweetest Mother."

Little Hans was helping mother
Carry home the lady's basket;
Chubby hands of course were lifting
One great handle—can you ask it?
As he tugged away beside her,
Feeling, oh! so brave and strong,
Little Hans was softly singing
To himself a little song.

"Some time I'll be tall as father,
Though I think it's very funny,
And I'll work and build big houses,
And give mother all the money.
For," and little Hans stopped singing,
Feeling, oh! so strong and grand,
"I have got the sweetest mother
You can find in all the land."

—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster.*

The History of a Hand.

A very useful member am I; in fact, one that cannot be easily dispensed with. I have a brother on the left of the body to which I am attached, who, though very useful on some occasions, is not to be compared with myself in the amount of work done.

My master is a common day-laborer, and, therefore, my work is of the very hardest kind. I sometimes wish that I belonged to a wealthy gentleman, then I would have no work to do, and would always be soft and white, instead of hard and nearly black, as I now am.

I toil daily (Sundays excepted) from 7 o'clock in the morning till 6 at night, having only one hour intermission at noon. Often during the day I have nearly given up from exhaustion, and the bones in every part of my body would ache terribly; but, being urged on by my master, I manfully proceeded.

One day, while at work on the side of a hill, collecting rocks for a pavement, a huge one came rolling down, and, before I had time to get out of the way, struck and crushed me very badly.

For several weeks I could hardly move, and the doctor thought it would be best for me to be amputated. But my master struggled hard to keep me attached to him, and finally gained the victory.

It was a long time before I was able to do any work, and the hours passed very slowly. When, at last, I was well enough to return to my labor, I felt a joy that I could not express; and, though I had often felt that my work was too hard, yet now I was so glad to continue it that I ceased grumbling, and have not complained to this day.

But there was a time when I did complain, though it was not about my work, and I think all the boys and girls who read my history will say I had cause to do so.

My master is not a bad man, though he is very quick-tempered, and sometimes gets angry when there is no cause for it. One day, at his work, he got into a dispute with the man at his side, and before long both became greatly excited.

I kept on at my labor, grasping the shovel very tightly, and much pained at hearing the angry words that were being spoken. Suddenly, and before I could realize what was taking place, I felt the shovel drop from my grasp, and the next instant I was plunged into the face of the man near me. Then I fell down at my owner's side, wounded, and sorry for what I had done, while the man that I had struck was brought some water to bathe his cheek.

Thus I had given a blow that, had I had my own way, would never have been struck; and then it was that I felt like complaining. I was ashamed to think that I was attached to a person who could use me for such a wicked purpose—I, who had always been so faithful, and ever willing to perform acts that were right.

I continued at my work, though I trembled, and had no heart for what I was doing. It was but a few minutes before I heard my master again talking to the person he had quarreled with, but this time only pleasant words were spoken. Soon the shovel I held dropped to the ground again, and I was very happy to find myself grasped by the hand of the man whom I had injured.

I have left the most painful part of my history to be related last.

Only a few months ago my master became employed at a forge where a large trip-hammer was used to pound out the iron. He had never had a great deal of experience in iron work, and I at once began to fear that some accident might happen.

One morning, while working at the hammer, he became careless, and as the great mass of iron came down and struck a heavy blow at the smaller piece which my master held, I felt a numbness in a portion of my body that, before a great while, was followed by acute pain. I was obliged to cease work, when it was discovered that my little finger had been crushed beneath the iron.

Desire as my master might to keep that finger attached to me, his wish could not be granted, and I was obliged to suffer the loss of a useful member. Yet I was thankful that the accident had been no worse, for I came very near doing my last work upon that day.

I still toil on, day after day; and, though my work is often dangerous as well as laborious, I am always looking forward to brighter and happier times. —*New York Tribune.*

The Correction Box.

Yesterday morning a missionary man came to our Sunday-school, and told us all about the little heathen. They don't have to be dressed up, nor learn the catechism, nor sew patchwork, nor behave, nor do anything disagreeable. And they don't know the value of money; they'd a great deal rather have a bright button than a gold dollar.

In the afternoon, when we were ready for church, mother gave us each a 5-cent piece. "That's to put in the correction box," says she. "The missionary is going to preach, and your father and I want you to give him something for the heathen."

On the way to church, Johnny said: "It isn't the least use to send 5 centses to the heathen. They'd rather have a bright button than a gold dollar, and of course they wouldn't care about 5 cents. And there's no candy in heathen land, so what do they want of money, anyhow?"

Then I said: "If I only had my button-string, we could each give a button, and spend the 5 centses for candy, and so we'd be pleased all 'round." Johnny said that was a good idea; and "there's a button loose on my jacket this minute; and if I can twist off another before the correction box comes 'round, I'll give it to you, Kitty."

I thought it was a lovely plan, for Johnny's buttons are just beauties. I heard mother tell sister Em they cost $2 a dozen. They look like gold. But when we got to the church, they made me go into the pew first, and father put Johnny beside him next the door, so's we couldn't talk.

The missionary talked a long time, and then they sang "Greenland's Icy Mountains," and then they went 'round with the correction boxes. Father takes one of them, and they're on long sticks like a corn-popper, and deep, so't other folks can't see what you put in. I had to drop in my 5 cents, and then mother and Em put in their money and last of all Johnny put in his button. He held his hand close to the box when he did it, and then he looked at me behind the others and nodded, so I'd know he had his 5 cents all safe.

This morning we bought five lovely squares of taffy. We didn't have time to eat it before school, and, when we were going home, Johnny said: "Let us wait till after dinner, and then give everybody a piece; and then I'll tell father what the missionary said, and may be after this he'll give buttons, and it'll save him a great deal of money."

So we waited, and after dinner, just as we took out the candy to divide it, father pulled something bright out of his pocket, and rolled it across the table to mother. She thought it was money, and said, "Just what I wanted!" But it wasn't money; it was a brass button.

"How did you come by this?" said she.

"I found it in the correction box, yesterday afternoon," said father. "Some little rascal put it in, I suppose, and spent his money for candy, and whoever he is, he ought to have a wholesome lesson. If he was my son ——"

And then mother said, "Why it is just like Johnny's buttons!" And sister Em said, "Well, there's one gone off his Sunday jacket. I noticed it this morning, and meant to speak about it."

Everybody looked at us. Father asked what we had in that paper, and "John, is this your button?" And what could he say but yes? They called us unhappy children, and sent us upstairs.

We've both had a wholesome lesson. I had one 'cause they said I put it into Johnny's head. For two weeks, father is going to put our pennies away for the heathen, to make us remember.

Johnny says he wishes he was a heathen.—*Ada Neyl, in St. Nicholas.*

Discovery of the "Comstock."

Ben Holladay is a feature and fixture of Washington. He lives in a beautiful residence on K street, where he entertains a coterie of friends in right royal fashion. His fortune is estimated at from $2,000,000 to $5,000,000, so that it may be fairly presumed that if he should prove unsuccessful in the prosecution of his claim for $350,000 he will not be in immediate want for the necessaries of life. He has retired from business, but amuses his leisure hours by seeing the Congressmen about his claim. Though advanced in age, he shows no signs of failing in strength or health. His hair is just turning gray, but his frame is as powerful and vigorous as it was in early youth, when he established and operated the famous overland-stage line, known as the pony express. He likes to tell of his experience as a pioneer of advancing civilization on the Pacific coast, among the Argonauts of '49.

His story of how the famous Comstock lode was discovered is interesting. As he tells it, one of his stage drivers had a prospector's passion for broken rocks, outcroppings, float and other indications of mineral treasures. On a certain day he came to Mr. Holladay full of a discovery he had made, and showed a sample having a wonderfully large proportion of silver in its composition. He made a proposition to sell one-half of his mine to Mr. Holladay for $1,000 for money with which to operate it. The offer was refused, and the driver resigned and disappeared. In a month or so a company was formed and operations were begun. The mine yielded the richest ore ever taken out of any mine up to that time. Comstock, for that was the stage-driver's name, became suddenly one of the wealthiest men in the country. The stock rose rapidly from hundreds to thousands of dollars, and finally $100,000 was paid for a claim twenty feet across the face of the lode. Next to the Bonanza it was probably the richest mine ever discovered in the earth. Mr. Comstock followed the rule, and from being one of the richest men soon became one of the poorest, and finally died penniless.—*Chicago Morning News.*

A Cute Celestial.

Recently in Butte, where Chinamen play at faro a good deal, a mild-mannered heathen slid into a faro game, and after losing a few dollars pulled out a little package of gold dust and laid it on the ace. The ace lost, and the dealer, picking up the package, unfolded it and weighed out the dust, which was $50 worth. He was about to cast the paper aside when the Celestial motioned to it and asked that it might be given back as it had some washing accounts on it. The paper was returned and the next night he was there again, betting $50 in gold dust as before. He put his package carefully on the ace and won. The dealer handed out $50 and the Chinaman shook his head.

"What's the matter, John?"

"You payee allee I bet. One hundred fifty dollar."

The dealer laughed contemptuously, but the heathen, unrolling the package, showed a $100 bill laid in between the double piece of paper which contained the dust.

The dealer looked very cheap, but the Chinaman never moved a muscle. He acted as if it was the regular thing to keep a $100 greenback folded up in his gold-dust packages.

"Pay it," said the lookout man. "He's got us dead."

The same bill was in the paper the night before, but the dealer had handed it back, thinking it a wash bill. But of course this wasn't the Chinaman's fault.

IT was in the time of Cromwell, we believe, that an illiterate soldier contrived to spell the word "usage" without a single letter properly belonging to it. He wrote it "yowzitch," and, when told that the spelling was incorrect, declared that nobody could spell with a quill pen from an Irish goose.

Do You Follow Me?

A couple of Angolians were exchanging fabrications at the Morse House. The rivalry had been quite animated, and a shade of disappointment hovered for an instant over the fine features of one of the contestants. He chewed his moustache for a moment in silence. At last he spoke:

"That reminds me of a terrible time I had in Toledo last summer. I had engaged to sell washing machines for a firm down there; one of them was old Ben Pinkeye—you know him—and he had agreed to pay me sixty-five dollars a month and expenses. Do you follow me?"

"Oh, Yes."

"Yes; well, Ben. Pinkeye, who, you know, married Asa Platter's sister, who used to shave shingles up at Saginaw—Asa, not his sister—concluded to give me a drive around the city before I started out on my trip. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, certainly."

"After she became Mrs. Platter, there was some kind of trouble broke out in the family; I don't know exactly what it was, might have been caused by the old folks and it might have been because Pinkeye had cold feet. Do you follow me?"

"Well—eh—how was that?"

"This way. Asa Platter married Ben. Pinkeye's sister June 15, 1869, and when I went to Toledo to sell washing machines Asa wanted me to go up to Saginaw with him to shave shingles. At Saginaw we fell in with Charley Adams—you know Charley."

"Oh, yes."

"Well, Charley at that time was rather sweet on Asa Platter's sister. He said before we went to work that he would give us a ride around the city behind his new bays which he had just bought of Bill Ringold—you know Bill."

"Y-e s, but I—"

"Yes, Bill was a good enough fellow; a little wild, perhaps, and thought too much of a fast horse. If there was any one thing in this world he did think more of, it was Asa Platter's sister. Do you follow me?"

"I thought you said Ben. Pinkeye married Asa Platter's sister."

"We are coming to that. We rode all over Saginaw and had a gay time generally, and that night Ben. Pinkeye and I had to go back to Toledo to look after the washing machines. Do you follow me?"

"I thought you said Asa Platter went with you to Saginaw."

"No; this was the way. Charley Adams came down from Saginaw where he had been shaving shingles for Ben. Pinkeye and asked me to go into the washing machine business with him at Toledo. I was then quite sweet on Ben. Platter's sister and anxious, of course, to make all the money I could. So I told Asa Pinkeye that if I went up to Saginaw to shave shingles for Ben. Platter I must first see Charley Adams and get him to keep my bay team in Dick Potter's barn—you know Dick Potter."

"Oh, yes."

"Yes; well, it ran along this way for a couple of weeks, or more, and matters didn't seem to get any better, so I concluded to make a break for Detroit and get a divorce. Do you follow me?"

The listener drew his hand across his eyes wearily, and said:

"I'll have to get you to repeat that last over again. You state it correctly enough, but I must have smoked too much after supper."

"Yes; well, you see, it ran along this way for a couple of weeks, or more, and matters didn't seem to get any better, so Asa Platter concluded to make a break for Detroit and get a divorce from his sister. Do you follow me?"

"From his sister!"

"No, from Asa Potter's sister. You know Dick Platter married Ben. Potter's sister and went to Saginaw to shave shingles for Charley Adams, who used to be in the washing machine business in Toledo. Well matters ran along in this way for, perhaps a couple of months. Do you follow me?"

The weary listener slowly arose, and walked up to the office.

"Boys, cigars all around; and if you'll take that lamp and mosey for bed, for the first time this evening I'll follow you."—*Steuben Republican.*

The Sanguine Man.

The sanguine man lives in the future. The pleasures of life are for him in the hopeful to-morrow. He is controlled by hope and imagination. He sees a larger area of silver lining in the dark clouds than other men do, and to him everything that glitters has some gold in it. He is a strong comfort to those who are despondent and unsuccessful, and affords them much encouragement. All schemes are feasible to him, and, no matter how often his best-laid plans "gang aglee," still he is full of unbounded confidence in the success of the next enterprise he engages in. Times are always going to be better with him. The sanguine man is usually very credulous, and is often the victim of the dishonest promoters of some wild cat scheme, because he is easily influenced to believe in the probable success of it. He does not reason from cause to effect, neither does he tamper with logic, but allows his feelings to take the place of his judgment. He counts all his chickens before the old hen has laid the eggs. He is a very cheerful cuss even in the presence of a meeting of his creditors. He is sure that the business will come out all right somehow. When he has to wait for a train that is reported four hours late he is the most cheerful man at the depot. He sits down on a baggage truck and soothes the savage breasts of his fellow sufferers by prophesying that "she'll catch up some of her lost time and be here directly."

The sanguine man is a useful member of society. He starts many enterprises that other men more practical and calculating take an interest in and complete after he has failed on them. He never commits suicide, and he seldom dies a millionaire. Altogether he is a man more to be esteemed than disparaged. We are glad that all over the world there is a fair sprinkling of sanguine men.—*Texas Siftings.*

Literal Interpretation by Children.

An agent who lives near us was leaving home for an extended tour, when his mother, kissing him affectionately, said, "May God go with you, Malcolm." These words were overheard by Bertie, a small boy of 5, who soon after went to play with a little friend. In the course of the play a parasol was needed, which need was supplied by appropriating one standing in the hall. All went well until Bertie happened to sit down on the parasol and break it, which called forth the following: "O, Bertie, now we'll have to tell, and maybe we'll get whipped." "No, don't tell. Let's put it under the umbrella stand; they'll think the rats did it." "That's wicked; don't you know God sees us when we are wicked?" "Well, He can't see us to-day, Mira, 'cause he's gone off with Uncle Malcolm selling lamps; grandma said so." I am happy to add that his counsels did not prevail, though perhaps saving the children punishment in another way than the one intended.—*Troy Press.*

The Lincoln Life Mask.

Mr. Leonard Volk, the well-known sculptor, of Chicago, contributes to the Century Magazine a very interesting article on the Lincoln life mask, and how it was made. After detailing the incidents of a trip to Springfield, where he met Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Volk proceeds as follows:

I returned to Chicago and got my studio in the Portland block in order and ready for work, and began to consider whose bust I should first begin in the clay, when I noticed in a morning paper that Abraham Lincoln was in town—retained as one of the counsel in a "sandbar" trial, in which the Michigan Central Railroad was either plaintiff or defendant. I at once decided to remind him of his promise to sit to me, made two years before. I found him in the United States district court room (in a building known at the time as the Larmon block) his feet on the edge of a table, one of his fingers thrust into his mouth, and his long, dark hair standing out at every imaginable angle, apparently uncombed for a week. He was surrounded by a group of lawyers, such as James F. Joy, Isaac N. Arnold, Thomas Hoyne, and others. Mr. Arnold obtained his attention in my behalf, when he instantly arose and met me outside the rail, recognizing me at once with his usual grip of both hands. He remembered his promise, and said, in answer to my question, that he expected to be detained by the case for a week. He added:

"I shall be glad to give you the sittings. When shall I come, and how long will you need me each time?"

Just after breakfast, every morning, would, he said, suit him the best, and he could remain till court opened, at ten o'clock. I answered that I would be ready for him the next morning.

He was there promptly—indeed, he never failed to be on time. My studio was in the fifth story, and there were no elevators in those days, and I soon learned to distinguish his steps on the stairs, and am sure he frequently came up two, if not three steps at a stride.

He sat naturally in the chair when I made the cast, and saw every move I made in the mirror opposite, as I put the plaster on without interference with his eyesight or his free breathing through the nostrils. It was about an hour before the mould was ready to be removed, and being all in one piece with both ears perfectly taken, it clung pretty hard, as the cheek-bones were higher than the jaws at the lobe of the ear. He bent his head low and took hold of the mould, and gradually worked it off without breaking or injury. It hurt a little, as a few hairs of the tender temples pulled out with the plaster and made his eyes water.

The last sitting was given Thursday morning, and I noticed that Mr. Lincoln was in something of a hurry. I had finished the head, but desired to represent his breast and brawny shoulders as nature presented them; so he stripped off his coat, waistcoat, shirt, cravat and collar, threw them on a chair, pulled his undershirt down a short distance, tying the sleeves behind him, and stood up without a murmur for an hour or so. I then said that I was done, and was a thousand times obliged to him for his promptness and patience, and offered to assist him to redress, but he said, "No, I can do it better alone." I kept at my work without looking at him, wishing to catch the form as accurately as possible while it was fresh in my memory. Mr. Lincoln left hurriedly, saying he had an engagement, and with a cordial "Good-by! I will see you again soon," passed out. A few minutes later I recognized his steps rapidly returning. The door opened, and in he came, exclaiming, "Hello, Volk! I got down on the sidewalk and found that I had forgotten to put on my undershirt, and thought it wouldn't do to go through the streets this way." Sure enough, there were the sleeves of that garment dangling below the skirts of his broadcloth coat! I went at once to his assistance, and helped to undress and redress him all right, and out he went, with a hearty laugh at the absurdity of the thing.

The Color of Water.

Two theories are advanced to explain the blue color of water when seen in large masses, one, held by Prof. Tyndall, being that small solid particles suspended in the water do not reflect the lower or red rays of the spectrum. According to the other theory, the color is due to the absorbent action of the water itself on the white light before and after reflection by these particles. The results of experiments made by Mr. John Aitkin, and presented to the Royal Society, England, show that the latter theory is probably the more correct one. The greater the number of white reflecting particles the greener the water appears to be, and hence the gradual deepening of the green to blue as the shore is left. The waters of Lake Como owe their darkness to the absence of reflecting particles, as Mr. Aitken ingeniously proved by scattering finely-divided chalk in the center of that lake, thereby producing a very brilliant blue. The brilliancy depends on the color of the particles, and is greatest with white particles. Among coral reefs, which are generally strewn with white sand, the water also takes a very brilliant blue or green. The dull tinge of English river waters is due to the dingy character of the suspended silt; but springs have often a bright color, owing to the whiteness of the chalk suspended in them.

A MAN should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage. People may be amused and laugh at the time; but they will be remembered and brought out against him on some subsequent occasion.